

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The New Slavery;

Destroy It.

The people may expect the coming two years to witness a striking increase in the activity of the trusts. The way monopoly stocks jumped up on 'Change the day after election showed the estimate put by the beneficiaries of the trusts upon the value to their pockets of the transfer of complete governmental power to the Republican party. If the work of welding all the great industrial and transportation interests in the land into a few colossal combinations with monopolistic powers and methods has progressed steadily—as it has—for years past in the face of the menace of control of the National Government by the radical Democracy, how much more rapid will be the progress toward complete monopolization of all opportunities now that a Republican Senate is assured for six years to come and complete Republican domination of all three branches of the National Government is made certain until March 4, 1901.

For the legislation of the next two years the Democratic party will be free from responsibility, for it will have no power to initiate, to effect or hardly to influence legislation. But though absolved from responsibility, the Democracy will be in no degree relieved of the duty which is imposed upon it by its very nature.

That duty is to fight the further encroachment of the trusts at every point and by every method. To investigate, expose and denounce each new device for riveting the shackles of monopoly upon the throats of the people. To guard the courts against the insidious corruption of trust agents, and to shut the doors of Legislatures, State and national, against the nose of the trust camel.

The fight can only be a bitter one. The odds are heavy. The railroads under the masterful management of Pierpont Morgan are practically in a trust already. The Standard Oil Company, with its ramifications in other fields, unites in one conscienceless aggregation capital, the extent and power of which no despot of history could have imagined. The project for a trust of financial institutions is already matured and will be forced upon Congress this Winter. To these three trusts—two complete, one embryonic—all others are or will be tributary or subject. The control of transportation, the control of capital, the control of opportunities for employment, the control of markets, the control of all industry will be presently vested in a few hands. Nor will it be long, if this tendency goes unresisted, before freedom of thought, of speech and of institutions will follow the freedom of industry and commerce now almost lost.

What better cause can animate the public mind to-day than to give battle to this coming slavery? To what subject can young and zealous patriots turn with more righteous zeal? The warfare upon the trusts needs its Garissons, its Phillipses, its Beecher Stowes. It has been hitherto a series of skirmishes rather than a battle skillfully planned and determinedly fought. The great champion is yet to be found; the army yet to be arrayed. The readiness to fight without giving or asking quarter is yet to be shown.

Democracy should furnish both the army and the leader. Democracy should neither seek mercy nor show it to oligarchy.

WHEN MAN HAS THE MIND OF A BIRD.

The matter is still, of course, in the experimental stage, but its development may be expected to make rapid progress. Before the coming century ends we may be sailing in our aerial carriages as nonchalantly as we now glide in electric cars.

The most interesting thing about the coming revolution will be its effect upon the mind of man. It will introduce him to an entirely new order of sensations. It will separate him from the creeping, running and swimming things that are chained by gravity to the solid and liquid crust of the earth, and will give him a share in the nature of the birds.

To the bird this world is not what it is to us leaden-footed dwellers on its surface. He can detach himself from the little patch of soil to which the rest of us are tied, and view the planet from on

The decision of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification to spend \$25,000 on experiments with flying machines is an official announcement that the navigation of the air has passed out of the domain of theory and has become an affair of serious practical interest.

When I see a young woman starting out in life with a settled idea that every one she meets is going to try to do her, I know just how she'd look after about five or ten years' experience in this wicked world.

"She'll have a couple of wrinkles down the side of her mouth, and her face will be just about as expressive and as mobile as the stone face you see on the prominent citizen natives in the little square in front of the best hotels in the one night stands. And she'll have the blues—oh, she'll do a specialty in 'em, and she'll have earned 'em."

"People just about live up to the part you cast 'em for, I've noticed. Think every woman you meet is jealous of you, and wants to get ahead of you, getting the best seats in the house, and she's pretty apt to try not to disappoint you."

"I don't take much interest in these 'world against me' kind of people myself. Trouble!"

"I've had a lot of it. Just a whole lot of it—maybe that's why I don't get the blues. I'm so thankful for my good luck now, I used to have 'em, when I was young and foolish. I've learned better now."

"Advice to women who get despondent!"

"Why, now, look here, I can't advise people. That isn't my line of business. I can feel sorry for them, honestly sorry for them, and wish they could have a sharp, hard tussle with the popular where-do-I-get-my-next-meal puzzle to teach them what real misfortune is—and say—have you ever seen a woman who had two or three youngsters asking her questions that had much bother with the blues?"

"I haven't."

"If you haven't the youngsters of your own, borrow somebody's. Keep 'em rolling around on the floor, kind o' close by, for a few hours a day."

"First thing you know you'll be tying your fingers into a hard knot trying to make a wobbly top 'sing right, and you'll get so mad at the man that made it so it wouldn't sit just right, and you'll come out of the trance, and find you haven't thought of the blues, since you forgot your own troubles, and screwed a kink in your brain fumbling over some one else's."

"I've got a couple of great boys who are going to play in a big football game for me this week, and I've got a mother that's sixty-five, and don't look a day over forty, and they manage to keep me pretty busy between my 'tending to my own business

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."

"She told me about the women that come into that shop three or four times a week to get fitted for new waists and things. She says they'll cry if a seam is turned wrong on the lining of a dressing jacket."

"That sort of woman ought to have the blues. She deserves 'em."

"Why doesn't she get some one to worry over—like a husband, or a brother, or a cousin, or anybody, why doesn't she adopt some one?"

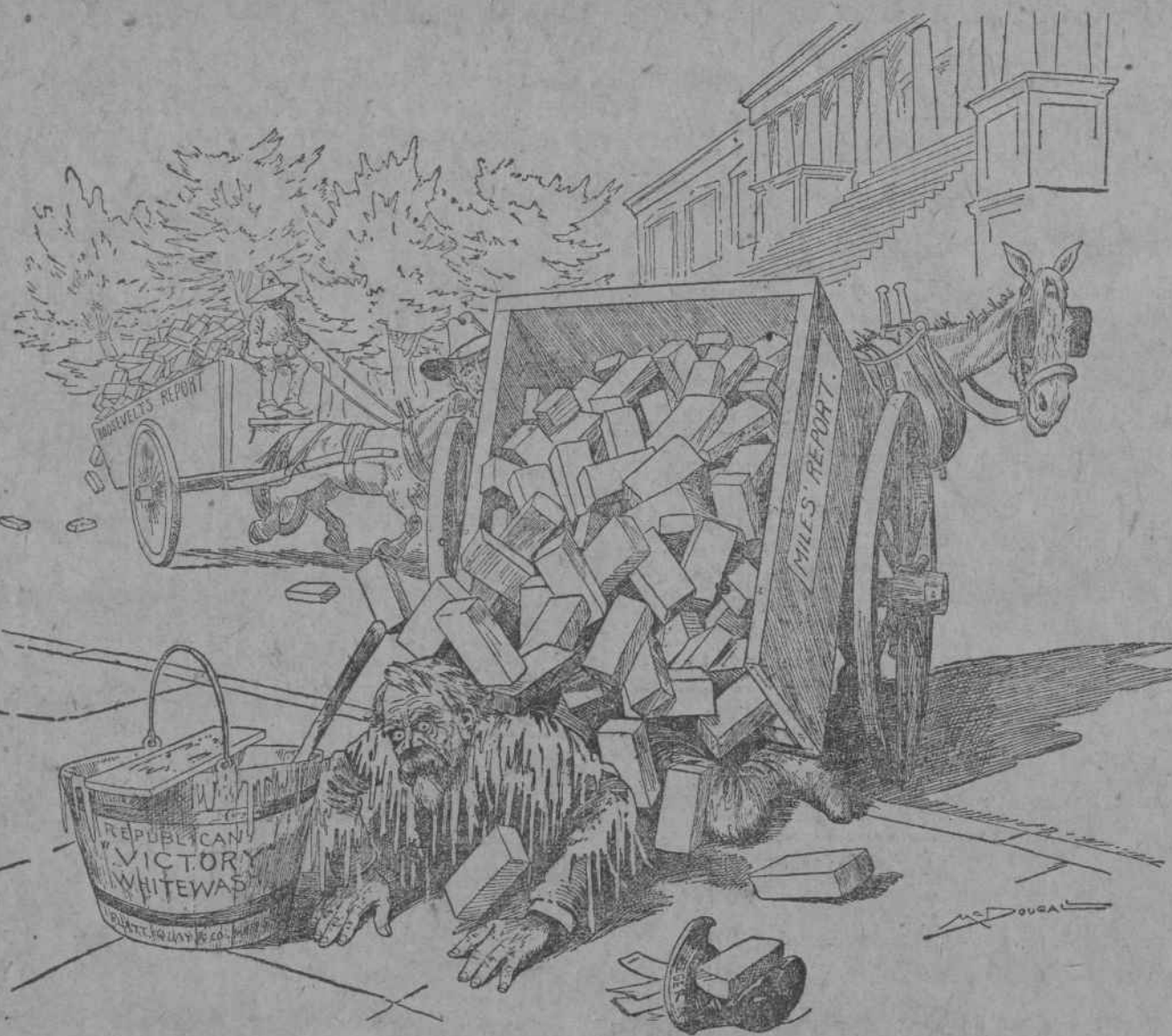
"I'd have some one to love and work for, if I had to go down to Doyers street and adopt a Chinese baby. Anything, it isn't what happens that gives you the blues. It's what you're afraid is going to happen."

"Same way about people."

"You let a man stop good and hard on my toes when I'm trying to get on a street car."

"If he says he's sorry, and looks as if he meant it, I look as pleasant as I can and forget it."

HEARING FROM MILES.



ALGER—Well, the Elections Gave Me a Vindication, Anyway.

THE DUTY OF NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Two duties confront the Democrats of the Empire State. Two issues—neither one new—demand their most earnest attention.

The election returns indicate in the most emphatic way one public question which Democrats must lose no time in taking into their own charge and forcing to the front. The people of all the cities and towns, not Greater New York alone, but Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and others, showed by their votes a growing and implacable hostility to "hayseed rule" as administered by Mr. Platt's subservient legislatures. Republican majorities were cut down or turned into Democratic pluralities wherever town life is sufficiently developed to give that sense of local solidarity and independence that ever since the Middle Ages has made the burgher stand out for his rights and liberties.

The right of self-government for towns and cities is a thing for Democrats in New York to fight for. It is an issue which demands honest and forceful advocacy because it is just. It will reward such advocacy because it is popular.

The second issue to which Democracy should direct its attention is indicated by business conditions and commented upon by commercial writers everywhere. The trusts are enthroned, and the producers and consumers alike are gradually becoming reduced to slavery. An ugly word that slavery, but not too strong for this employment. The miner who may not work his own mine without permission from and under conditions imposed by some railway company—is he a free man? The sugar planter who must sell to a single purchaser, the oil producer who must deal with Rockefeller or let his oil lubricate the earth, the shipper who finds "gentlemen's agreements" quite as effective as "traffic associations" outlawed by the United States Supreme Court—these men all are robbed of full freedom.

"Home rule for cities," and "Down with the trusts" are the rallying cries for Democrats in New York.

A THIRTEEN- INCH SHELL FROM MILES.

The report of General Miles, or so much of it as the Administration has ventured to publish, is a crushing indictment of Alger's and Shafter's management of the war. General Miles makes no charges against anybody. He simply presents the documents in the case and lets the public draw its own conclusions.

These documents show that every blunder whose calamitous consequences have drawn unavailing expressions of regret from the incompetents at Washington was foreseen and guarded against by General Miles. If his wise precautions had not been flouted by the jealous imbeciles in the War Department our land operations would have been as scientific, precise and free from loss as our operations by sea.

General Miles proposed to organize a volunteer army of moderate size, give it the best possible arms and equipments, and get it trained and seasoned in home camps where it would not have been exposed to privation and disease. Such a force would have been more than ample for the work required, and it would have overrun Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines with ease, celerity, and hardly any loss of life.

After the request of General Miles to be sent to Santiago had been contemptuously ignored, General Shafter got his forces into such a horrible muddle that he seriously proposed to retreat five miles, giving up everything that the desperate valor of his men had won at San Juan and El Caney, and practically devoting his army to ruin. In this desperate situation the Administration called upon Miles, who hurried to Santiago, did what Shafter ought to have done in the first place, and pulled Alger's pet out of his scrape.

The Miles report is annihilating as it is, but with the record of the War Department for mutilating and suppressing documents the suspicion is fair that the most damaging part of it has not yet seen the light.

BRIBERY— A CLOSED INCIDENT.

A correspondent of a Republican newspaper who has been talking with the Governor of Ohio concerning present political issues reports:

Governor Bushnell's eyes kindled also when reference was made to the recent Senatorial fight, which resulted in the election of Senator Mark Hanna. It will be remembered that Governor Bushnell was himself a fervid rival of the President's former campaign manager for Senatorial honors. "That incident is closed," said the Governor, "and I do not think it had the slightest influence in the State campaign either way."

An interesting feature of the "incident" was the formal finding of the Ohio Senate that Senator Hanna secured his election by bribery. Is that part of the incident closed, too? Probably it is, since the political associates of Mark Hanna have secured control of the United States Senate, where the charges are pending, and will hold it for at least six years to come.

Approving the Journal's Course.

W. R. Hearst, Esq., Editor of the New York Journal:

Dear Sir—I have read with the greatest interest your editorial in this morning's Journal, entitled "The War Is the Issue," and cannot refrain from commenting on the wisdom and force of what you have said.

"The Democratic party leaders need just about such an overhauling as your words suggest. A platform on the line laid down by the Journal in the next national contest would, in my judgment, receive the hearty approval of the country."

The Democratic party should accept its present defeat as a warning to in future forever abandon its attitude as an obstructer to everything that does not emanate in its own ranks. It should be more aggressive, instead of waiting until the Republicans have presented an issue and then oppose it right or wrong—on general principles as it were. The party has always been successful at the polls when pursuing an aggressive policy except in a few instances, and has in every case been unsuccessful when relying solely on a policy of obstruction, and in many instances has been completely defeated. Such a course by acceding to the very things alleged as objectionable. You are right in charging these things up to the leaders. They have lacked foresight, and the lessons of the past ought to furnish a sufficient number of examples of it.

This criticism of the leaders and the wisdom of the policy pursued in many instances is no reflection upon the great good that has been and will be in the future accomplished by this great party of the people, nor the eternal principles upon which it is founded. Your argument is wisely directed to the narrow-mindedness and stupidity of some of the leaders, and not to the party that they have made. No matter what may happen the great structure handed down to us by Jefferson and Jackson will remain unimpaired and ready for the widest use of a great master at any time a generation of the earth may produce him.

Tilden's election was won on an aggressive platform, although the corruption of Grant's last administration had much to do with the result. Cleveland was first elected under about the same circumstances. His defeat was the result of ill-advised aggressiveness too short a time before election, but his election four years later was the direct result of this policy after the party had become familiar with it. If the party leaders will take up the Journal's platform this early and have the people well advised as to the new issues by the time the platform and the candidates of the next Democratic Convention are presented to the country, the country will absolutely no doubt but what the Republican party will be overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

There is positively no excuse for delay, and there is no reasonable objection that can be urged against your platform. History, progress, humanity and the law itself confirms and demonstrates the wisdom and practicability of it under present conditions. I have the honor to be, yours very truly,

HENRY W. SCOTT.

New York City, Nov. 10, 1898.

UNNECESSITY OF THE BLUES.

MAY IRWIN EXPLAINS 'EM TO WINIFRED BLACK.

IN HAVANA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

STEPHEN CRANE WRITES OF OUR NEW ACQUISITION.



"WENT to see May Irwin yesterday and ask her about the blues."

"Don't you ever have 'em yourself?" said I. "If not, why not?"

"The blues?" said May Irwin, with one hand to her chin and her head just a trifle to one side. "Me? Gracious, no. Haven't time. Too expensive. I can't afford to devote myself to 'em."

"Let me tell you something about the blues. You see a woman in the dumps, and you say to her, 'Why, you nice, sympathetic thing, you, whose troubles are you worrying over?' Say, I'm no prophet if I can tell a pretty decent fortune with a pack of cards—but I'll tell you what that woman will say, old or young, rich or poor, pretty or homely, it doesn't make a bit of difference what she is. She'll answer you just one way:

"'My own,' she'll say—every time."

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."

"She told me about the women that come into that shop three or four times a week to get fitted for new waists and things. She says they'll cry if a seam is turned wrong on the lining of a dressing jacket."

"That sort of woman ought to have the blues. She deserves 'em."

"Why doesn't she get some one to worry over—like a husband, or a brother, or a cousin, or anybody, why doesn't she adopt some one?"

"If I went to making myself think that that man stepped on my toes on purpose, because some one told him to do it, so I'd be a cripple for life or something, then that toe would ache for weeks whether he really reached it or not."

"When I see a young woman starting out in life with a settled idea that every one she meets is going to try to do her, I know just how she'd look after about five or ten years' experience in this wicked world."

"She'll have a couple of wrinkles down the side of her mouth, and her face will be just about as expressive and as mobile as the stone face you see on the prominent citizen natives in the little square in front of the best hotels in the one night stands. And she'll have the blues—oh, she'll do a specialty in 'em, and she'll have earned 'em."

"People just about live up to the part you cast 'em for, I've noticed. Think every woman you meet is jealous of you, and wants to get ahead of you, getting the best seats in the house, and she's pretty apt to try not to disappoint you."

"I don't take much interest in these 'world against me' kind of people myself. Trouble!"

"I've had a lot of it. Just a whole lot of it—maybe that's why I don't get the blues. I'm so thankful for my good luck now, I used to have 'em, when I was young and foolish. I've learned better now."

"Advice to women who get despondent!"

"Why, now, look here, I can't advise people. That isn't my line of business. I can feel sorry for them, honestly sorry for them, and wish they could have a sharp, hard tussle with the popular where-do-I-get-my-next-meal puzzle to teach them what real misfortune is—and say—have you ever seen a woman who had two or three youngsters asking her questions that had much bother with the blues?"

"I haven't."

"If you haven't the youngsters of your own, borrow somebody's. Keep 'em rolling around on the floor, kind o' close by, for a few hours a day."

"First thing you know you'll be tying your fingers into a hard knot trying to make a wobbly top 'sing right, and you'll get so mad at the man that made it so it wouldn't sit just right, and you'll come out of the trance, and find you haven't thought of the blues, since you forgot your own troubles, and screwed a kink in your brain fumbling over some one else's."

"I've got a couple of great boys who are going to play in a big football game for me this week, and I've got a mother that's sixty-five, and don't look a day over forty, and they manage to keep me pretty busy between my 'tending to my own business

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."

"If I went to making myself think that that man stepped on my toes on purpose, because some one told him to do it, so I'd be a cripple for life or something, then that toe would ache for weeks whether he really reached it or not."

"When I see a young woman starting out in life with a settled idea that every one she meets is going to try to do her, I know just how she'd look after about five or ten years' experience in this wicked world."

"She'll have a couple of wrinkles down the side of her mouth, and her face will be just about as expressive and as mobile as the stone face you see on the prominent citizen natives in the little square in front of the best hotels in the one night stands. And she'll have the blues—oh, she'll do a specialty in 'em, and she'll have earned 'em."

"People just about live up to the part you cast 'em for, I've noticed. Think every woman you meet is jealous of you, and wants to get ahead of you, getting the best seats in the house, and she's pretty apt to try not to disappoint you."

"I don't take much interest in these 'world against me' kind of people myself. Trouble!"

"I've had a lot of it. Just a whole lot of it—maybe that's why I don't get the blues. I'm so thankful for my good luck now, I used to have 'em, when I was young and foolish. I've learned better now."

"Advice to women who get despondent!"

"Why, now, look here, I can't advise people. That isn't my line of business. I can feel sorry for them, honestly sorry for them, and wish they could have a sharp, hard tussle with the popular where-do-I-get-my-next-meal puzzle to teach them what real misfortune is—and say—have you ever seen a woman who had two or three youngsters asking her questions that had much bother with the blues?"

"I haven't."

"If you haven't the youngsters of your own, borrow somebody's. Keep 'em rolling around on the floor, kind o' close by, for a few hours a day."

"First thing you know you'll be tying your fingers into a hard knot trying to make a wobbly top 'sing right, and you'll get so mad at the man that made it so it wouldn't sit just right, and you'll come out of the trance, and find you haven't thought of the blues, since you forgot your own troubles, and screwed a kink in your brain fumbling over some one else's."

"I've got a couple of great boys who are going to play in a big football game for me this week, and I've got a mother that's sixty-five, and don't look a day over forty, and they manage to keep me pretty busy between my 'tending to my own business

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."

"If I went to making myself think that that man stepped on my toes on purpose, because some one told him to do it, so I'd be a cripple for life or something, then that toe would ache for weeks whether he really reached it or not."

"When I see a young woman starting out in life with a settled idea that every one she meets is going to try to do her, I know just how she'd look after about five or ten years' experience in this wicked world."

"She'll have a couple of wrinkles down the side of her mouth, and her face will be just about as expressive and as mobile as the stone face you see on the prominent citizen natives in the little square in front of the best hotels in the one night stands. And she'll have the blues—oh, she'll do a specialty in 'em, and she'll have earned 'em."

"People just about live up to the part you cast 'em for, I've noticed. Think every woman you meet is jealous of you, and wants to get ahead of you, getting the best seats in the house, and she's pretty apt to try not to disappoint you."

"I don't take much interest in these 'world against me' kind of people myself. Trouble!"

"I've had a lot of it. Just a whole lot of it—maybe that's why I don't get the blues. I'm so thankful for my good luck now, I used to have 'em, when I was young and foolish. I've learned better now."

"Advice to women who get despondent!"

"Why, now, look here, I can't advise people. That isn't my line of business. I can feel sorry for them, honestly sorry for them, and wish they could have a sharp, hard tussle with the popular where-do-I-get-my-next-meal puzzle to teach them what real misfortune is—and say—have you ever seen a woman who had two or three youngsters asking her questions that had much bother with the blues?"

"I haven't."

"If you haven't the youngsters of your own, borrow somebody's. Keep 'em rolling around on the floor, kind o' close by, for a few hours a day."

"First thing you know you'll be tying your fingers into a hard knot trying to make a wobbly top 'sing right, and you'll get so mad at the man that made it so it wouldn't sit just right, and you'll come out of the trance, and find you haven't thought of the blues, since you forgot your own troubles, and screwed a kink in your brain fumbling over some one else's."

"I've got a couple of great boys who are going to play in a big football game for me this week, and I've got a mother that's sixty-five, and don't look a day over forty, and they manage to keep me pretty busy between my 'tending to my own business

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."

"If I went to making myself think that that man stepped on my toes on purpose, because some one told him to do it, so I'd be a cripple for life or something, then that toe would ache for weeks whether he really reached it or not."

"When I see a young woman starting out in life with a settled idea that every one she meets is going to try to do her, I know just how she'd look after about five or ten years' experience in this wicked world."

"She'll have a couple of wrinkles down the side of her mouth, and her face will be just about as expressive and as mobile as the stone face you see on the prominent citizen natives in the little square in front of the best hotels in the one night stands. And she'll have the blues—oh, she'll do a specialty in 'em, and she'll have earned 'em."

"People just about live up to the part you cast 'em for, I've noticed. Think every woman you meet is jealous of you, and wants to get ahead of you, getting the best seats in the house, and she's pretty apt to try not to disappoint you."

"I don't take much interest in these 'world against me' kind of people myself. Trouble!"

"I've had a lot of it. Just a whole lot of it—maybe that's why I don't get the blues. I'm so thankful for my good luck now, I used to have 'em, when I was young and foolish. I've learned better now."

"Advice to women who get despondent!"

"Why, now, look here, I can't advise people. That isn't my line of business. I can feel sorry for them, honestly sorry for them, and wish they could have a sharp, hard tussle with the popular where-do-I-get-my-next-meal puzzle to teach them what real misfortune is—and say—have you ever seen a woman who had two or three youngsters asking her questions that had much bother with the blues?"

"I haven't."

"If you haven't the youngsters of your own, borrow somebody's. Keep 'em rolling around on the floor, kind o' close by, for a few hours a day."

"First thing you know you'll be tying your fingers into a hard knot trying to make a wobbly top 'sing right, and you'll get so mad at the man that made it so it wouldn't sit just right, and you'll come out of the trance, and find you haven't thought of the blues, since you forgot your own troubles, and screwed a kink in your brain fumbling over some one else's."

"I've got a couple of great boys who are going to play in a big football game for me this week, and I've got a mother that's sixty-five, and don't look a day over forty, and they manage to keep me pretty busy between my 'tending to my own business

"How do I know?"

"Well, how many people did you ever see getting the blues worrying over anybody but their own dumpy little 'me and my house' solves?"

"That's why women have the blues so much more than men. They think about themselves too much."

"Business women don't get blue. They've got too many bills to meet."

"Let me tell you, I was talking to a buyer for one of the big shops just yesterday. She's on the verge of nervous prostration with overwork, but she doesn't suffer much from melancholia."